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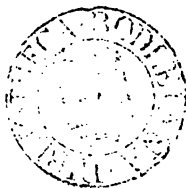
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GRECIAN PROSPECTS:

A POEM,

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY MR. POLWHELE.



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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD
DE DUNSTANVILLE AND BASSET.

BASSET! (FOR I REVERE THAT HALLOW'D
NAME)

O COME, IF, KINDLING AT THE CLARION'S
BLAST

THAT TO THY COUNTRY GIVES THE WORLD'S
ACCLAIM,

THY GENIUS SCORN NOT THESE IDEAL
VIEWS;

OR, CHEERING THE LONE WALLS WHERE
GRIEF HATH CAST

HER SULLEN SHADE, AND HEAVES NO
FANCIED SIGHS,

THE PICTUR'D SCENE IF YET THY
SPIRIT PRIZE,

SONNET.

NOR TO THE IMAGINARY PLAINT REFUSE
THE CHARMED EAR; O COME, WITH CLASSIC
FAME
UNITE THE PATRIOT, THE DOMESTIC
LOVE!
FOR LO, THE MUSE, AMID THE WILD AP-
PLAUSE
THAT THRILLS ANUBIS, SEEKS THE DELPHIC
GROVE,
AND CONSECRATES, IN FREEDOM'S SACRED
CAUSE,
THE RECENT WREATH THAT GREECE AND
ALBION WOVE!

R. POLWHELE.

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

I.

1. *A Welsh bard, in the isle of Lesbos, is enamoured with an extensive and beautiful prospect, which he contemplates till the approach of night.*

2. *He then laments the ruins of art at Athens, Corinth, Sparta, and the Grecian isles, Delos, Teios imagines nature languishing from neglect in sympathy with art; and, where she is fruitful as heretofore, observes her bounties lost upon the Greeks in their present state of subjection and degradation sees Attica, for instance, Arcadia or Andros, Paros, Cos or Lesbos, vainly offering their respective luxuries to those who are not in a situation to relish them regrets the degeneracy of the Greeks characterizes the Macedonians as robbers, the Athenians as dastardly and intriguing, those of the Peloponnesus as pirates, and most of the islanders as assassins recognizes in the present race, the countenance and figure of the old Greek, but not his mind,*

and female beauty, as described by the poets, yet subservient only to libidinous desire ; and concludes, that if a few still inherit the courage and genius of their fathers, they inherit also the ambition, which can only serve to suggest fruitless wishes, and torture them with a sense of their imbecillity.

3. *In these reflections, the bard is suddenly interrupted by the scream of a person struggling with an assassin ; and, under the influence of terror, surveys his portrait of Greece as the cold picture of truth, unembellished by fancy.*

II.

1. *The bard, falling into slumber, seems to see a spirit of a majestic form, who comes from Chios to the shores of Lesbos, and approaches him with looks of friendly salutation.*

2. *The spirit avows himself the guardian angel of Greece . . . corrects the mistaken notion of the hopeless degeneracy of the natives . . . represents them as still brave and enterprising ; particularizes the Macedonians, Athenians, and Spartans, and passes to the islanders, his peculiar care, more especially those of Chios.*

3. "*Behold, (cried the angel) all Greece, and the Grecian Isles, in full prospect*"---when the bard perceived the islands, both of the Egean and the Ionian seas, from Lemnos even to Zacynthus, illuminated with a supernatural splendor. "*Behold, (cried the angel) that FLEET, whose triumphs astonish the nations, this instant overshadowing my seas, and wafting liberty to my happy islands! See Cephalenia and Corcyra delivered from their tyrants, and Chios rejoicing in the friendship of Britons! Then, deem not the ambition and the patriotism of the Greeks, absurd or idle passions. The days of Grecian glory are fast approaching: again shall the patriotic virtues arise in Greece, springing up from the domestic! Again shall the arts of peace and war be cultivated and improved; and, as Britain derived her chief excellence from Greece, shall Greece resume her dignity, under the auspices of Britain.*"

U





GRECIAN PROSPECTS.

FROM Cambria's wizard hills a hallow'd bard
Travelling o'er Greece, had nurs'd the heroic muse;
Each classic isle survey'd with fond regard,
And caught, at every step, sublimer views:
'Twas now, in Sappho's vivid groves,* the dews
Of eve, he welcom'd to his mantling breast;
'Gaz'd the wide landscape, here, with breded hues,
There, in the dark attire of shadow drest,
And seem'd to taste the breeze that cherishes the blest.

* Of all the Grecian islands, the most beautiful is Metelin, or the ancient Lesbos; for a description of which (and an account of a singular custom there) I refer my readers to a paper by the Earl of Charlemont, published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, 1789.

High on a tower,* that overtopp'd the trees,
 His wild harp whispering a congenial sigh,
 He ravish'd inspiration from the breeze,
 As stretch'd afar, beneath a golden sky,
 The varied mountains charm'd his wandering eye;
 Blue-tinctur'd points, white rocks at random flung,
 That sparkled thro' the pine-wood's duskier dye;
 Chasms yet unsun'd, where founts descending rung;
 Green slopes, with blossoms veil'd, with melting
 fruits o'erhung.

Thro' a bold opening of the mountains, gleam'd
 The deepen'd azure of the Egean wave;
 And, far off, where the western radiance stream'd,
 The isles, as all in motion, to deceive
 The eye, with every surge appear'd to heave
 Their flushing cliffs, now faded from the sight;

* "In Lesbos (says Lord Charlemont) each house is a square tower, neatly built of hewn stone, so high as to overtop the trees, and command a view of the sea and neighbouring islands."

When from the dream poetic fancy gave,
The bard awoke—a dream of short delight—
And view'd the illustrious scene fast sinking into
night.

- “ So (cried the poet) so, imperial Greece !
“ Thy closing honors vanish'd into shade ;
“ Tho' not, alas ! so calm'd by halcyon peace,
“ With not a tint to soothe the soul, array'd !
“ No ! as thy proud effulgence 'gan to fade,
“ The sick day struggled o'er a lengthening waste ;
“ Thy marble fanes in one wide ruin laid ;
“ Mingled with common earth each work, that grac'd
“ Or wisdom's solemn lore, or fine pictorial taste.
-
- “ Once, where the Pallas of high Athens * view'd
“ Each massy tower, each decorated dome ;
“ See the rent arch, the hoary cornice strew'd,

* “ Below Mars-hill, was the ancient city of Athens, situated on a rocky declivity, with buildings of various eras—some simple, as in the

" As sculpture moulders in Cimmerian gloom
 " Tho', yet a moment, where thro' meadowy bl
 " Ilyssus, murmuring, wash'd the bowers below
 " The sage, in sighs, may paint his sweetest h
 " Still o'er his path as planes their umbrage thr
 " And streams, to fancy dear, in lingering lapses :

" Lo, where o'er-canopied in Doric state,*
 " Her Phidias' art the Athenian goddess crow
 " And thro' revolving ages sternly great,
 " Thro' all her shadowy pomp of columns, from

heroic ages ; others, magnificent, as in the days of Solon, and others, ornamented, as in after times—the river Ilyssus flowing near the city winding through green meadows." See the chevalier Ramsay's *L. Cyrus*. For some particulars of Athens, see, also, Ray's *Collect. F* pp. 22....25.

* The Acropolis is built on a rock, which is, on every side, a precipice and accessible only at the entrance. It was richly adorned by the Athenians, in the days of their prosperity, with temples, statues, painting: votive gifts to their divinities, but is now in a most ruinous condition though the remains of the famous Propylæa, the little temple of Victory without wings, the Doric temple of Minerva, called Parthenon and I

- “ ’Till cold neglect to briars that twin’d around
 “ Each fretted base, resign’d her temple’s fame;
 “ ’Till late, the blacken’d fragments smote the
 ground,
 “ As jealous Adria, with ill-omen’d aim,
 “ Whirl’d thro’ the shivering walls, the fierce sul-
 phureous flame.*

 “ And lo ! the dome† that crumbles into dust,
 “ Whose Parian whiteness lur’d the glowing skies;
 “ Which breath’d from every animated bust

temple, and the Ionic temples of Erechtheus and Minerva Polias, with the cell of Pandrosus, are still to be seen. See Stuart’s Antiquities, vol. 2d. for the principal part of which, the Acropolis furnishes materials.

* The Partheon was built by Pericles under the direction of Phidias. It was almost entire in the last century, when Sir G. Wheeler and Dr. Spon saw it, and was reduced to its present ruinous state by an unlucky bomb, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians.

Stuart’s Antiquities, v. 2.

† The lanthorn of Demosthenes, of the Corinthian order—a round edifice of white marble, adorned with sculpture. See Stuart’s Antiqu. v. 1.

- “ That dasht amid Corinthian foliage lies,
“ The hero-spirit of some great emprise !
“ And, featur’d with the traits of grandeur past,
“ While thro’ its fractur’d roof rank weeds arise,
“ See to the Winds* of heaven their temple cast ;
“ Its monumental voice, re-echoing every blast.
- “ Majestic Athens ! Who, thy ruins pil’d
“ In awful heaps surveys, nor drops a tear ?
“ Who dares approach, by fancy unbeguil’d,
“ That space, where genius wont its scene to rear,†
“ And dart thro’ horrent crowds the illusive fear,
“ As torches trembled, or as daggers bled,
“ And sounds not human met the shuddering ear ?

* The octagon tower of Andronicus, commonly called the Temple of the Winds, affords an example, as Stuart informs us, of an order hitherto unknown. It is described in the third chapter of the first volume of his Antiquities.

† The theatre of Bacchus of white marble, now in ruins.

“ Who, thro’ the pictur’d porch, unheeding, tread, ||

“ Nor conjure up in sighs the philosophic dead †

“ Fall’n city! hear’st thou, as of midnight hosts,

“ The voices of the dead in every gale?

“ Fall’n city! seest thou not the sullen ghosts

“ That o’er thy desart streets in silence sail?

“ Start not thy people from the warrior’s mail,

“ The patriot’s crown, the sage’s sweeping train?

“ Dost thou not see thine Orator, yet pale

“ With indignation, launch the lightnings? Vain

“ Is that terrific arm that shakes all Greece again?

|| The Portico commonly supposed to be the remains of a temple of Jupiter Olympias, is the celebrated Portico, called the Poikile; according to Stuart. See Antiqu. vol. i. c. 5.

† In the Menexenus of Plato, a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians who had fallen in asserting the cause of their country, the deceased are called up to address the living---fathers slain in battle, to exhort their living children; and children, slain in battle, to console their living fathers,

" But, not o'er Athens I lament alone—
 " I heard, where ran the rich Corinthian brass,
 " The desecrated altars deeply moan !
 " And, where no more shall long processions pass,
 " I ponder'd on the pillar's fluted mass,
 " And many a graceful frieze that mouldering lay :
 " And, as horn turrets told where Sparta was,†
 " I saw Eurotas urge its foaming way,
 " Flash o'er its spectre troops, and hail their red
 array.§

† " Sparta is quite forsaken ; and Mestra (or Mistria) is the town which is inhabited, four miles distant from it : but one sees great ruins thereabout ; almost all the walls, several towers and foundations of temples with pillars and chapiters demolished ; a theatre pretty entire. It might have been anciently some five miles in compass, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the river Eurotas. The plain of Sparta and of Laconia is very fruitful and well watered—about eighty miles in length—the mountains on the west side of it, the highest I have yet seen in Greece."

Ray's Collect. part 2d. p. 26,

§ The Spartan soldiers were clothed in red, that the sight of blood might not terrify their companions, or inspire their enemies with fresh vigour. Aelian, b. 6, c. 6. and Plutarch, Institut. Lacon.

- “ If, in these desolated isles, we rove,
 “ We muse on tottering portals moss-o’ergrown ;
 “ Or meet, in glimmerings thro’ the impervious grove,
 “ Some grey arcade, unnotic’d and unknown,
 “ Which hints, how once symmetric order shone
 “ In structures, that appear’d to rest on air ;
 “ While o’er the finest limbs had sculpture thrown
 “ The fluid folds no modern statues wear,
 “ Or picture glow’d in forms, the heroic and the fair.
- “ Where Delos trembles on her desert wave,*
 “ Rose there a rock, but breath’d religion round ?

* The stanzas were before written :

Where Delos floats, the wanderer of the waves,
 Rose there a rock but breath’d religion round ?
 Did ancient Echo tremble from her caves,
 Nor inspiration swell the sacred sound ?
 Witness her fanes, with holier shades embrown’d ;
 Her proud colossal gods ; that, hovering near,
 Pale Persia saw, not touch’d the hallow’d ground,
 But, sudden, as she dropp’d the uplifted spear,
 Her sails innumerable furl’d, and paus’d in mid career.

" Hath ancient Echo murmur'd from her cave,
 " Nor inspiration swell'd the sacred sound ?
 " Witness her fanes,† with holier shades em-
 brown'd,
 " Her proud colossal gods ; that, hovering near,
 " Persia's imperious angel with astound

In " the wanderer of the waves," there was an allusion to Ovid, who calls this island, *Erratica Delos*, (*Metamorp.* vi. 333.) and to Virgil, who speaks of Delos as a floating island, at last fixed by Apollo. (*Aeneid.* iii. 75.) The first line as it now stands in the text---

" Where Delos trembles on her desert wave"

is more consistent with Herodotus, and with the rest of the stanza, the general idea of which is borrowed from Herodotus. This historian tells us, that Delos was often observed to tremble ; and that her trembling was considered as ominous, and always portended some misfortune to Greece ; from the earliest period down to his own times. Accordingly (says he) at the departure of the Persian fleet under Datis, Delos trembled. See *Erato*, vi. 98.---The expression " furl'd her sails," appeared to me tame and prosaic.

† There are many fine architectural ruins in the isle of Delos---a temple dedicated to Apollo---a beautiful colossal statue of Apollo---a temple at the foot of mount Cynthus---a portico---a marble theatre.

“ Beheld, and as he dropp’d the uplifted spear,
 “ His sails innumerable check’d, and paus’d in mid-
 career !†

“ See, the sad types of festal pleasure flown,
 “ Dim-flowering olives dew the Teian fanè ;*
 “ And canker’d vines, around each pillar’d stone
 “ Aspiring, its Ionic base distain :
 “ Yes ! hoar Anacreon ! where thy joyous train
 “ Their ruby cups to thrilling music quaff’d,
 “ Thy sacred plant obtrudes an idle chain,

† The Persians had approached Delos with six hundred sail ; but over-
 awed by the sacredness of the place, forbore their intended depredations.
 See Herodotus, Erato, vi. 97.

* “ Here (in the island of Teios) the Temple of Bacchus is overgrown
 with olives and vine-trees. Amidst the pile are sections of Ionic pillars,
 fluted, and a capital with the volutes and ivy-leaf of superior delicacy.
 Well might it excite surprise and disappointment, that in a place once
 sacred to Bacchus, in the country of Anacreon, and where grapes, the
 natural produce of the soil, were hanging in the greatest profusion ; not a
 glass of wine could be obtained at dinner.” See Dallaway’s Constantinople,
 p. 283.

“ To clasp, poor parasyte, the dripping shaft ;
 “ And green oblivion glooms, where Love and
 Bacchus laugh’d †.

“ While, ringing as it meets the blunted share,
 “ Gleams of smooth jasper thro’ the furrows rise,
 “ Or the grav’d marble that, erect in air,
 “ Drew to its ivy-leaf delighted eyes,
 “ Crumbling, before the peasant-builder lies ;
 “ Lo, intertwined trees and copses deep
 “ Hide meads once open to salubrious skies,

† To this stanza succeeded in the MS. the following, which is omitted in the text, as its imagery rather belongs to the oriental than the Grecian mythology.

And ah ! from Athens to this specious isle
 Oft have I heard a groan from nature part,
 Amid the ruins of some roofless pile
 In sympathy with desolated art !
 And oft, as if to cool a burning heart,
 Her tangled tresses would her bosom kiss ;
 When sudden, from a trance she seem’d to start,
 As at the yawning of a dread abyss
 Whence forked lightnings blaz’d, and smote the bower of bliss,

“ And mountain-streams are mute, and grottoes weep,
 “ Where howls † the famish’d wolf, and shakes the
 shaggy steep.

“ What tho’ the extensive olive-grove still spread *
 “ Its verdure length’ning from the Athenian
 towers ;

† “ We ascended (says Mr. Thompson) the mountain Parnes or Parne-thes, (Parnes in Statius) which is overspread with pine-trees, and affords a fine covert for wolves and other beasts of prey. Half-way down the south-side of the mountain, is a village called Casha, where we staid all night, but had little rest, partly for want of good accommodation, and partly on account of the terrible howling of the wolves. The next morning, after a rugged descent, we came into the plain, and had a smooth road all the way to Athens.” See the Travels of Cha. Thompson, Esq. vol. 1. p. 375.—“ Thus the finest countries in the world (says Eton) are inhabited by savage beasts.” Survey of the Turkish Empire, p. 337.

* “ Athens is situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, watered by the river Ilyssus, which unites itself with another stream near a wood of olive-trees, five or six miles in length.” Thompson, vol. 1. p. 318.—Dr. Chandler tells us, that “ the olive-groves are now, as anciently, a principal source of the riches of Athens”; and that “ a wood of olive-trees, watered by the Cephissus, is about three miles from the city, and has been computed

“ What tho’ Hymettus † still uprear his head,
“ Pouring wild fragrance from his purple bowers,
“ And, brisk, from all his aromatic flowers
“ The honey-bee still bear the precious spoil ?
“ Alas ! where lag the despot’s lurid hours,
“ Lethargic plenty gleams a languid smile,
“ Shrinks from the widow’d moan and scoffs at
human toil.

as at least six miles long. The mills (says he) for pressing and grinding the olives, are in the town. The oil is deposited in large earthen jars, sunk in the ground, in the areas before the houses. The crops had failed five years successively when we arrived. The cause assigned was a northerly wind, called Greco-Tramontane, which destroyed the flower. The fruit is set in about a fortnight, when the apprehension from this unpropitious quarter ceases. The bloom in the following year was unhurt: and we had the pleasure of leaving the Athenians happy in the prospect of a plentiful harvest.” *Travels in Greece*, p. 126.

† “ Hymettus lies about four miles south-east of Athens. It is still famous for its honey; of which great quantities are sent to Constantinople. At a Greek monastery, near the foot of the mountain, we ate freely of the honey, which is of a good consistence, a golden color, and a most agreeable taste.” *Thompson*, vol. 1. p. 352.

" What tho' the lawns of rich Arcadia bloom,
 " And Mænalus diffuse luxuriant shades,
 " As if his Pan yet hail'd the favourite gloom ;
 " Tho' soft Cyllene over-brow the glades
 " With arborous oaks, as if the choral maids
 " Met the wing'd god, of roseate Maia born * ?
 " Ah ! sudden terror fancy's ear invades,
 " Where, for the shepherd's pipe that cheer'd the morn,
 " The plaints of anguish rise, the threats of scowling
 " scorn.

" Tho' Andros † still her inexhausted vales
 " Survey, by lavish vegetation crown'd ;

* " In the woods of Achaia are pines, the ilex and esculus, and planes by the water. The plains of Argos and Messene are all riches." Ray's Collect. part 2. p. 26.

† " Andros is one of the most fertile islands in the Archipelago. Its ancient inhabitants are often mentioned in history. They were proud of their military character ; and yielded not to their successive invaders, without many a struggle for liberty. The modern Andrians, after having been

- " Thro' orange-groves while flutter odorous gales,
 " From citron-bowers while bursting streams resound,
 " While rich pomegranates branching shade the ground,
 " And figs hang luscious in the solar flame ;
 " Lo, the poor habitant looks coldly round;
 " And slights his long hereditary claim .
 " To nature's liberal gifts, nor heeds his former fame,

 " Tho' sunder'd caverns drink the lustrous light,
 " As Paros* echoes to the mountain shock ;
 " And the pure marble boast its sparkling white ;
 " Who guides the chissel o'er the shapeless block ?

subjected to various masters, were at length enslaved to the Latins. To escape from the oppression of the family of Sommerive, they threw themselves under the dominion of the Turks," Thompson, vol. 1. p. 430.

* With respect to the islands of Paros and Antiparos, I shall only observe, that the famous grotto in the latter, is beautifully described by Lady Craven, (the present Margravine of Anspach), See her Voyage,

" Say, can the hand that hew'd it from it's rock,
 " Mould the rough mass, the obedient limb refine ?
 " Thro' the dense gloom if ever genius broke,
 " Touch'd by the charm of beauty's waving line,
 " Say, can the soul oppress, still form the fair design ?

" Tho' Cos may blacken, o'er the cliff sublime,
 " The glenwood wild, the cataract's stormy spray ;
 " What magic can throw back the folds of time,
 " In thunders call Apelles into day,
 " And bid his rapid hand the bolt* pourtray ?
 " Again, Protogenes ! shall rescued Rhodes†
 " Bless the fair art that charm'd her foes away ;

* Apelles painted (says Pliny) "*quæ pingi non possunt, tonitrua, fulgura, fulgetraque : Bronten, Astrapen, Ceraunobolian adpellent.*"

† " *Palmam habet tabularum ejus Ialysus.*"

" Propter hunc Ialysum, ne cremaret tabulas Demetrius rex, quum ab ea parte sola posset Rhodum capere, non incendit: parcentemque pieturæ fugit occasio victoriæ." Pliny.

Protogenes was employed seven years in painting his *Ialysus*. See Elian, Var, Hist, lib, xii. c. 41,

“ Tho’ once, where picture trac’d the birth of gods,
 “ Some wanderer, fancy-led, may sketch those lorn
 abodes ?* ”

* Rich in the brilliance of the balmiest light
 “ These scenes repose.† I saw the myrtle glow,
 “ The arbutus in bloom and fruitage bright,
 “ The glittering bay, the mulberry’s silky flow !
 “ I felt but erst, delicious from below,
 “ The sea-breeze, as it curl’d the crystal springs !
 “ But shrubs may blush, and noontide zephyrs blow,
 “ In vain voluptuous while no Sappho sings,
 “ Nor, by the landscape mov’d, Alcæus fires the
 strings.

* “ At Athens, (says Stuart) are two or three persons that practise painting : But, whatever genius we may be tempted to allow them, they have, indeed, very little science. They seem never to have heard of anatomy, or the effect of light and shade ; though they still retain some imperfect notions of perspective and proportion.” *Antiq. of Athens*, vol. 1.

† Lord Charlemont, in the curious paper already referred to, informs us, that the natives of Lesbos, not only retain their old Grecian manners,

“ Midst the wide prospect, can the muse discern

“ One mental feature of the Grecian mould?

“ If Macedon* still rage, in conflict stern,

“ She rages, in her robbers, uncontroll’d :

“ And free-born Athens, to the despot sold,

but have a singular custom among themselves transmitted from the highest antiquity -- “ which those who break through (says he) are hated and despised as conformists to Turkish manners; so that there are few who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country, to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision and the hatred of their neighbours and fellow-citizens.” But, according to Dallaway, “ the manners and customs of the Turks have pervaded the whole mass of the inhabitants of Lesbos.” “ If this island (observes our ingenious, elegant and entertaining traveller) obtained celebrity by giving birth to Alcaeus and Sappho, Pittacus and Terpander, in more modern times, it acquired equal notoriety as the birth-place of the desperate corsair Barbarossa.” Dallaway’s Constantinople, p. 283,

* “ The Greeks of Macedonia are robust, courageous, and somewhat ferocious; those of Athens and Attica are still remarkably witty and sharp; all the islanders are lively and gay, fond of singing and dancing to an excess, affable, hospitable, and good-natured; in short, they are the best: those of the Morea are much given to piracy; but it is not to be wondered at, con-

“ Grovels amidst the intriguing and the base :

“ And, in piratic plunder only bold,

“ The dark Morea boasts no Spartan trace ;

“ And half the verd'rous isles embower the assassin
race.

“ Not but the semblance of the Grecian mien,*

“ The Grecian face arrests the poet's eye,

sidering the cruel treatment they have met with, and the struggles they are continually making against the Turks. Albania, Epirus, and, in general, the mountaineers, are a very warlike, brave people, but very savage, and make little scruple of killing and robbing travellers ; a Turk cannot venture in the country alone ; there is no man in the country but would make a merit of shooting him—and is this to be wondered at ? The Greeks of Zante and Cephalonia, subject to the Venetians, are famous for stabbing with knives.” Eton's Survey, p. 345.

* “ The old men are perpetually reminding us of those fine attitudes and heads which were so happily studied in the Italian schools of painting for scriptural subjects. The contour of Grecian statues, and the profiles on their medals, are still to be seen in the faces of their degenerate successors : and there is sometimes, even yet, a marked resemblance between those of heroes, which have been transmitted to us, and the peasant or the mariner.

- “ Whilst o’er the busy strand, the silent green,
 “ Apollo’s form still glides, unconscious; by :
 “ Not but a Homer’s head we oft descry
 “ In many an aged peasant, silver-grey :
 “ Yet where, alas ! that spirit mantling high,
 “ That genius flashing an immortal ray,
 “ That independent soul which spurns despotic sway ?
- “ And, in secluded glades, in murmuring streets,
 “ Full many a Venus vaunts the enchanting air,

In the islands, particularly of Chio, all that symmetry of features, and brilliancy of complexion, which inspired the poets and heroes of old, still flourishes in a delightful degree : But beauty, in this clime, is a very short-lived flower ; and, as longevity is as common as in others, we can account for the severe sarcasms the poets have bestowed on their faded charms, which, it is certain, seldom survive the thirtieth year. Dallaway’s Constantinople, p. 6.

“ In Tino the women are almost all beauties: and, there, the true antique head is to be found. In general, the people of the islands have grand and noble features. From different faces, you may put together, in walking through a market-place, the heads of Apollo and the finest ancient statues.” Eton’s Survey, p. 343.

- “ Breathes, as she wins her way, ambrosial sweets,
“ And wantons, in luxurious beauty fair :
“ Yet what avail those eyes that lightnings bear,
“ The cheek, instinct with more than roseate red,
“ The full deep bosom, or the crisped hair,
“ What but, amid lascivious folly bred,
“ To bid the slaves of lust ascend a savage bed ?
- “ Say, if some few, with that commanding form,
“ Blend the proud spirit of heroic days ;
“ If some, whose fathers brav’d the hostile storm
“ That shook the Acropolis, still covet praise,
“ Still on the laurel’d warrior wildly gaze,
“ Still mark the poet’s flight, the patriot’s aim ;
“ ’Tis but to follow, like a meteor-blaze,
“ The phantom of a poor fugacious fame,
“ Then own a sickening pang, a keener sense of shame.
- “ If genius prize the fine proportion’d pile,
“ The vivid bust, to imitation prone ;

“ Say, where the Pericles, whose fostering smile
“ Grac'd the rich dome, inspir'd the plastic stone ?
“ If genius seek the cave obscure and lone,
“ Where Philip's foe with elocution glow'd ;
“ Or from theatric ruins catch the moan
“ Of the cold gale, where tragic pathos flow'd ;
“ Hath e'er the unfeeling wave, the winds one wreath
bestow'd ?

“ If some, yet lingering, trace the silver tide,
“ Yet haunt the sacred grove where Plato stray'd ;
“ Or nobly cherish that supernal pride
“ That, from the vulgar, shields Lyceum's shade ;
“ Or rove, where once with Epicurus play'd
“ The blue-ey'd pleasures, and their melting queen :
“ Or bid the porch their aspirations aid ;
“ How fleets the dream, when, sudden, intervene
“ Havoc and barbarous lust, and ignorance obscene.

“ Alas ! retiring to the humble roof,
“ If, there, the impassion’d poet court his muse ;
“ Some despot’s minion hovers, yet aloof,
“ Scattering in air the visionary views :
“ There, midst his lisping babes, the hero woos
“ His country’s genius, with an idle breath ;
“ And o’er her trophies spreads deceitful hues ;
“ While oft, too oft, for conquest’s splendid wreath,
“ He meets the strangling cord, the livid drugs of
death.

“ E’en now where Phidias breath’d from every nich,
“ Where Myro sported in creations chaste ;
“ In the soft folds* of lucid drapery rich,
“ Where Polygnotus charm’d ingenuous taste,
“ And Zeno wisdom’s sterner form embrac’d ;

* *Primus mulieres lucida veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit : siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare. Plin. lib. 35. c. 8.*

" Light spirits* their diurnal visions share :
" Yet erst, as each the paths of glory trac'd,
" I spied a son of treachery skulking there—
" Amid the unweeting tribe, I mark'd his gloomed
air."

Thus as he spoke, a scream of wild distress
Pierc'd his ear, shivering from the central wood;
And thro' the foliage some one seem'd to press,
And strait the murderous dagger plunge in blood !
To fancy, raising all her felon brood,
Low stealthy strides still near and nearer drew :
By terror chill'd, the fond enthusiast stood;
And, as its brightness from the portrait flew,
Survey'd in pale cold shade, his own ideal view.

* It is remarkable that the coffee-house, which the Athenian politicians at this moment fréquent, stands within the precincts of the ancient Poikile. See Stuart's Antiq. vol. 1.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.



GRECIAN PROSPECTS.

CANTO THE SECOND.

IN silence while across the shadowy deep
The moon a line of quivering silver flung ;
The bard his heavy eyes in troubled sleep
Half-closing, o'er the wavy landscape hung ;
When, Chios' rainbow-tinted hills among,
He saw, as from a hollow glen, emerge
A form more fair than poets feign in song,
Then stand, on tiptoe, on the cliff's dark verge,
And plume his burnisht wings, and skim the feathery
surge.

The sky-rob'd spirit, as he nearer drew,
Soft on the Lesbian mists appear'd to light ;
His hyacinthine locks dropp'd amber dew ;
His polisht shoulders shed a brilliance, white

As Parian grots. Exulting in his might,
The genius seem'd to poise the empyreal lance
Of Jove, as with his wand he thrill'd the night :
Yet mild and friendly lustre, to entrance
The bard with some new bliss, he beam'd at every
glance.

- “ Fear not (he cried) : thro’ all the lapse of time,
“ My arm protective have these islands own’d ;
“ Whether, amidst Olympus’ seats sublime,
“ Or on the snowy cloud of Athos, thron’d,
“ I bade the war-fiend, sullen as he moan’d
“ From isle to isle, suspend his wasteful sweep ;
“ Or sooth’d, as Greece beneath oppression groan’d,
“ Her unextinguisht spirit, yet asleep,
“ To wake, some future age, and re-assert the deep.

“ Tho’ Greece deplore the long-resounding scourge,
“ Yet is her untam’d bosom still imbued
“ With genial virtues ; and, as despots urge

" The ruthless work, I mark her museful mood ;
" I see her, o'er barbaric insult brood,
" And snatch from Salamis the inspiring ray ;
" Thus the chain'd eagle, tho' he seem subdued,
" Yet, some propitious moment, breaks away,
" Soars thro' the severing clouds, and drinks the
golden day.*

" While Pella, still, a race unbroken boasts,
" In mental, as corporeal vigor strong,
" That, rous'd by freedom's trump, in dreadful hosts,
" Would shade their hills, and pour their vales along;

* " The modern Greeks, notwithstanding all their oppression, retain great energy of character ; they bear with impatience the Turkish yoke ; and possess a spirit of enterprize, which, however ridiculed by some authors, often prompts them to noble atchievements. Their ancient empire is fresh in their memory : It is the subject of their popular songs : and they speak of it, in common conversation, as a recent event. That they possess a firm and manly courage, notwithstanding the insinuations of their calumniators, has been too often testified, to be in the least doubtful. The instances which they have displayed in the Russian service, are truly striking." Eton's Survey, p. 341.

" Behold, politer Athens* claims a throng,
 " Tho' gentler, still impatient of the rein :
 " Nor Sparta, her remurmuring rocks among,
 " Hears the horse-hoofs, the din of arms in vain,
 " Snuffing fraternal blood, amidst the mangled slain.†

* Wheeler and Spon both visited Greece, in the time of Charles II. and published curious accounts of that country. See Wheeler's book particularly, for a character of the inhabitants of Attica, p. p. 335 356.

" The Athenians have, perhaps, to this day, more vivacity, more genius, and a politer address, than any other people in the Turkish dominions. Oppressed as they are, at present, they always oppose with great courage and wonderful sagacity, every addition to their burthen, which an avaricious or a cruel governor may wish to lay on them. During our stay, they by their intrigues, drove away three of their governors, for extortions and mal-administration ; two of whom were imprisoned and reduced to the greatest distress.—There is great sprightliness and expression in the countenances of both sexes ; and their persons are well proportioned. The men have a due mixture of strength and agility, without the least appearance of heaviness. The women have a peculiar elegance of form and manner : they excel in embroidery and all kinds of needlework." Stuart's Antiq. vol. i.

† The efforts of the Greeks of the Morea, to regain their liberties under the auspices of the late Empress of Russia, were animated and heroic, but unsuccessful. The peace of 1774, between Russia and the Porte, stipulated an amnesty and indemnity to the Greeks : but this stipulation was violated

- " Yet, in these isles, I nurse the martial fires,
 " Fires, that ere-long shall far illumine Greece ;
 " These lovely isles, where fancy still inspires
 " Songs of palestra palms or letter'd peace ;
 " Or bids the wailings of the sufferer cease,

by a great massacre. In 1790, the Greeks again put themselves under the protection of the Empress, and sent a deputation demanding one of her grandsons for their emperor. The following is extracted from the memorial which the Greek deputies presented to the Empress. " We ask not for your treasure. We only ask to be led to battle. We come to offer our lives and fortunes. It is under your auspices that we hope to deliver from the hands of barbarous Mahomedans our empire which they have usurped—to free the descendants of Athens and Lacedemon from the tyrannic yoke of ignorant savages, under which groans a nation whose genius is not extinguished ; a nation which glows with the love of liberty ; which the iron yoke of barbarism has not vilified : which has constantly before its eyes the images of its ancient heroes, and whose example animates its warriors even to this day. Our superb ruins speak to our eyes, and tell us of our ancient grandeur : our innumerable ports, our beautiful country, the heavens which smile on us, all the year, the ardor of our youth, and even of our decrepid elders, tell us, that nature is not less propitious to us than it was to our forefathers. Give us for a sovereign your grandson Constantine : It is the wish of our nation---the family of our emperors is extinct, and we shall become what our ancestors were." See Eton's Survey, p. 363.

" Painting pale Hector by the walls of Troy,
 " Or godlike Theseus, or the golden fleece,*
 " While the light dance†, the laugh without alloy,
 " The hospitable ch  r, proclaim a cordial joy.

* The days shall come, when many a maid of Greece,
 Twirling, on rapid wheel, the carded fleece,
 Whilst matrons triumph in thy deeds of fame,
 Shall sing, 'till dusky eve, Alcmena's name."

So prophesied old Tiresias : (Theocrit. Herculisc. Idyll. 24.) and his prophecy has been fulfilled, in its most literal application. Apollonius Rhodius, also, (Argon. 4.) predicts, in triumph, the fate of his poems, to be sung at each succeeding festival, with increasing pleasure and applause. And Homer is said to have chaunted his own verses---which appears indeed from a passage in his Hymn to Apollo, l. 169. Among the modern Greeks, the old ladies are fond of relating, and the young women plume themselves on their adroitness in repeating the fables and romances they have learnt, or can compose from such incidents as happen within their knowledge. These stories are told, and ditties chaunted, during the occupation of spinning or embroidery." M. Guys.

† Speaking of the Greek dances, of which some are supposed to be of very remote antiquity, and one, in particular, called the Crane, Dr. Chandler says : " The peasants perform it yearly in the street of the French convent, at the conclusion of the vintage, joining hands, and preceding their m  les and asses, which are laden with grapes in panniers, in a very curved and

- “ But on that fairest of my subject isles,
 “ There, on my Chios* adamantine seat,
 “ Where beauty riots in perennial smiles,
 “ My sons, from gloom oblivious call the great,
 “ And in the rustling dingle’s dark retreat
 “ Trace, with transmitted pride, their Homer born;
 “ Still, to pure love, as free their bosoms beat,

intricate figure; the leader waving an handkerchief, which has been imagined to denote the clue given by Ariadne; as the dance is said to have been invented by Theseus, upon his escape from the labyrinth.” See *Travels in Greece*, p. 134.

* “ Chio retains more of its former prosperity, than any island in the Egean sea. Commerce flourishes; the soil is fertile; the climate genial: and, in those parts of the island, where cultivation is practicable, almost the whole may be said to be a garden. The Greeks, both in number and affluence are the principal inhabitants: their population is computed to exceed 150,000; whilst that of the Turks does not complete a fortieth part. This numerous population is maintained by manufactories of stuffs. The females of this island are particularly beautiful: the girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate; but one style of countenance prevails. The nativity of Homer is claimed with an honourable eagerness by the islanders.” *Dallaway’s Constantinople*, p. 283.

“ My Hebes the purpureal spot adorn,
“ Bright with a glow that shames the vernal blush of
morn.

“ See,” (said the spirit) from his circling wand
As issued wave on wave, the liquid light—
“ See, of heroic fame the scene expand !”
When, e’en from Pylos to the Olympian height,
All Greece appear’d outstretcht before the sight,
And the blue sea, with clustering isles embost ;
While, here, bold crags arose, and caverns white,
And spiry groves, and mountains hoar with frost ;
There, gleam’d receding cliffs, in purpled azure
lost.

Slow, from each island, with gigantic march
Pass’d the dun vapors : and the Elysian sky
Stream’d o’er the prospect from a wider arch,
Till, laughing, all the distant isles drew nigh ;
When now, the bard beheld, with wondering eye,

The walls where Athos* evening-shadows rest,
 And e'en the Ionian billows sparkling high,
 Where Ithaca projects its rocky crest,
 Or pleasure melts in sighs, on Zante's† luxurious
 breast.

" See," o'er the gladden'd isles (the Spirit cried)
 " His genuine beams approaching freedom pours !

* Pliny and Solinus inform us, that the evening-shadow of mount Athos reaches to the market-place of Myrina, in Lemnos, at the distance of eighty-six thousand paces.—" Mount Athos stands on a promontory of Macedonia, stretching out into the Egean sea. Its shadow reaches to Lemnos. It is about three days journey long. We ascended to the top, where we could not long endure the cold. We saw, from thence, many provinces and islands. The plane-trees, here, vie in height with the cedars of Libanus, or the firs of Olympus. The multitude of springs and streams, the variety of herbage and evergreens, the woods and pleasant shore, all render mount Athos one of the most charming places in the world." Ray's Collect. part. ii. p. p. 2 . . . , 11.

† The island of Zacynthus, or Zante, was celebrated by the ancients for its extraordinary luxuriance. And such is its voluptuousness, according to modern writers, that nature, in all the varieties of her beautiful and alluring forms, seems to have conspired against chastity.

- “ See, redient in triumphal glory, ride
 “ Yon lordly ships along the Ionian shores ! *
 “ And hark, thro’ Greece the British thunder roars !
 “ From Cephalenia flies the robber-train ; †
 “ And, as the soul of Grecian battle soars,
 “ There, Corfu tramples on her tyrants slain,
 “ Here shouting Chios ‡ hails the mistress of the main,

* The French attack upon Egypt seems very nearly to resemble the Athenian expedition to Sicily during the Peloponnesian war. In the postscript, I have ventured to suggest a hint, with respect to the advantages which should accrue to this country and to Europe, from the glorious battle of the Nile.

† Though Mange has described the Greek islands as rejoicing under the dominion of the French, and the little children of Sparta and Athens, as singing the songs of freedom, in expectation of their coming ; yet it is well known, that the Greeks of Cephalonia and Corfu, &c. &c. &c. have discovered the greatest aversion to the mock-standard of liberty.

‡ The impersonation of these islands is after the manner of Theocritus, and indeed, of the sacred scriptures,—e. g.

“ Then brightening Coos, as she saw thee born,

“ With unfeign’d triumphs hail’d thine infant morn !”

Idyll. 17.

- “ Then ask not, why a solitary few
“ Amid sepulchral desarts as they rove,
“ The helmed shadows of their sires pursue ;
“ Scatter’d and lorn, in each inglorious grove,
“ To warlike music in idea move,
“ And point, from Marathon, the ambitious aim—
“ Then ask not, as too vain, perchance, they prove !
“ The fleeting honors of a father’s name,
“ Why, wing’d by trembling hope, they watch their
country’s fame.

- “ Behold, my British bard ! the days advance,
“ Of Grecian prowess, lo, the auspicious days !
“ Again, for joy the blooming islands dance,
“ Nor idly pant for all their former praise,
“ If Albion’s orb effuse its fostering rays,

And,—“ The vallies shall laugh and sing,” &c. &c.

For some fine traits of the patriotism of the modern Greeks, see *Voyage Litteraire de la Grece*, by M. Guys, tom. ii. p. 161 184.

“ And, o’er the expanding mind, (to vulgar eyes
“ Yet undiscover’d) pour the gradual blaze ;
“ While springing from domestic harmonies,*
“ Nor chill’d by tyrant frowns, the patriot virtues
rise.

“ Again, where love its balmiest lustre lends,
“ Heightening some gentle virgin’s bridal bloom ;
“ Again, where happy fathers, brothers, friends
“ Enjoy the sweet delights of genial home ;
“ In concert shall each emulative dome
“ Bid the fine arts their mingled radiance pour ;
“ While, vainly seeking in the wrecks of Rome,
“ Treasures once wafted from the Grecian shore,
“ In Albion shall they find the rich unvalued
ore.

* “ On the security and the happiness of my family (might each paterfamilias observe,) depends the security of my country’s happiness ;* since our country is nothing else, but many families united.

- “ And, haply, if her more endearing wreath
 “ Calm peace hath braided round the spoils of war,
 “ The reeking blade while ruffians yet unsheathe,
 “ Shall Athens o’er dispeopled Gallia dare
 “ Roll, with impetuous wrath, the kindling car,
 “ And Scyros * hurl the brand, as once she hurl’d ;
 “ Tho’ maiden vests still hide the martial air ; †

* *Una omnis Scyria pubes, Succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina
 jactant.* En. II. 477.

† I had, at first, written :

“ Tho’ yet her veil’d Pelides slumber there.”

Which is a clearer allusion to the story of Achilles, as there conceal’d ;
 though not, perhaps, so strong a picture of the martial disposition of the in-
 habitants, now suffered *gravi torpere veterno*, and disguised under the ap-
 pearance of effeminacy.

- “ To Ilion’s towers each hero bent his way,
 “ But, lost in soft disguise, Achilles lay :
 “ Midst Lycomedes’ lovely train, he sigh’d ;
 “ The fleece, for arms, in sweet delirium ply’d ;
 “ And stole, amid his labors of the loom,
 “ The virgin languish, and the virgin bloom.”

See Bion’s Epithal. of Achilles.

“ And Tenedos announce her sails unfurl’d—

“ Their trust, * yon guardian fleets, that awe yet
bless the world !

* “ A Grecian state, the free and independent ally of Britain and Russia, will form a connecting link in the social bond of commerce ; will be fitted by the favourableness of its situation, and the genius of its inhabitants, for bold and successful enterprize ; and in fine, will quickly attain a proud pre-eminence among the nations.”—Eton's Survey, p. 439. The Greeks, since the publication of Mr. Eton's book, have been called upon, to unite in one common cause, with the English, the Russians, and the Turks. And the Greeks, perhaps, will have occasion to rejoice, at the termination of the war, on the cession of their country to Great Britain ; when Russia and Turkey shall emulate each other, in manifesting their gratitude to Britons, for rescuing their respective empires from the grasp of barbarians. Such an arrangement, if it coincide not with the plans of the politician, would be highly gratifying to the imagination of the poet.

THE END.



POSTSCRIPT.

Manaccan, March 13, 1799.

IT may be proper to inform the reader, that "Grecian Prospects," were originally entitled, "Visions of the Grecian Isles," consisting of three cantos; and that the second and third canto contained an heroic tale, which, illustrating the genius of the modern Greeks, might also have been considered in connexion with the political occurrences of the moment. The battle of the Nile was just past; and the Russian and the Turk had joined the English, in support of the common cause. It was then, that the author's fancy anticipating the discomfiture of Buonaparte, began to distribute amongst the belligerent powers, various countries, both in Europe and in Asia, with the view to a general pacification.

Amidst this ideal distribution, were adjudged to England the continent and islands of Greece. That Turkey should concede to England her possessions in Greece, appeared sufficiently reasonable; indebted as she was to this country for the preservation of Egypt, and, perhaps, of the whole Ottoman Empire.

Under this impression, the *Tale of ARAXES* was written; where not only the Grecian Isles that were really in possession of France, but others supposed to have fallen into her hands, were represented as in a general ferment, from the insults and barbarities of their savage masters; where their courage rose superior to almost every obstacle; and the BRITISH FLEETS were finally introduced to complete their triumph.

The tale (here presented to the reader) was detached from the poem, from a suspicion of its being defective in the unities; though in a *vision*, or *dream*, a strict

regard to the unities can hardly be judged essentially requisite.

CANTO THE SECOND.

* * * * *

- “ See,” (cried the Spirit) from his circling wand,
 As sacred light and fragrance fill’d the skies,
 “ See Chios’ cliffs approach : Behold the land
 “ Of destin’d worthies in clear vision rise.
 “ And lo ! on yonder slope a village lies,
 “ Where the hill-pines a sabler umbrage shed :
 “ Cast, on that village, thine observant eyes :
 “ There rests the bolt of heaven, foredoom’d to spread
 “ Terror and glory round, and vindicate the dead.
- “ Of yon grey mansion, once Minerva’s fane,
 “ My lamps aerial lighten up the walls !
 “ On its wide roof converse a kindred train,
 “ Whom not a shade of dastard fear appals ;
 “ That often, as the cool night-curtain falls,
 “ In talk their spirits worn by toil repair ;
 “ And with such tales as glad thy Cambrian halls,
 “ The guardian of renown in fancy share,
 “ And give the clarion’s blast to scatter every care.

" Ee'n now I see them listening with delight
 " To yonder chief, who tells the deeds of old :
 " I hear him, his awakening tale recite :
 " 'Tis young ARAXES. His keen eyes behold,
 " His energetic air, his aspect bold ;
 " While warlike genius points to trophies won,
 " To cars amid triumphal pæans roll'd :
 " His audience every gesture, every tone
 " Applaud, and fondly deem the fame of Greece
 their own.

" From every cordial feature beaming truth
 " On friends and stranger-guests that round recline,
 " Observe the grandsire of the generous youth ;
 " His seat, the remnant of a broken shrine :
 " There, as their eyes with eager pleasure shine,
 " Two lovely boys, beside the sculptur'd base,
 " Grasp the stone-clusters of a mimic vine ;
 " Or ape their brother's oratorial grace,
 " Or, with their playful hands, the old man's feet
 embrace.

“ See, to the chief attacht, a *Melian* friend ;
“ For whom ARAXES (self-condemn’d to earn
“ His bitter bread, where *Melos*’ grottoes bend
“ In many a maze, and press his couch of fern)
“ Would oft the Gallic corsairs watch, and burn
“ With rage, to disappoint their midnight prow ;
“ Thence unperceiv’d, tho’ station’d to discern
“ Their inroads, from his ambush deal the blow,
“ And, for his ALCON’s sake, repel the insidious
foe.

“ There, too, from *Naxos*, note a stranger guest :
“ A heart of anguish his dim’d eyes betray :
“ He mourns a nymph, whose vows his soul possess’d,
“ Snatcht, sudden, from his clasping arms away,
“ And doom’d in sighs to waste her youthful day :
“ Yet, tho’ the walls of lust the maid immure,
“ He deems her spotless as the blush of May ;
“ And views, in virgin innocence secure,
“ His ARNE brave the threat, and spurn the gaudy
lure.

“ And next observe that *Cephalenian* Greek
 “ Who starts at every still emphatic pause,
 “ Yet self-absorbt, scarce hears ARAXES speak :
 “ Spoil’d by the wretches, who belye the cause
 “ Of heaven-descended freedom, from the jaws
 “ Of fate, the *Cephalenian* chieftain fled.
 “ Miscreants (he mutters) spare your vain applause,
 “ Nor deck with cenotaphs the Grecian dead !—
 “ Miscreants ! who rob their sons by wolfish rapine
 led !

“ See the young orator now seize the lyre ;
 “ And, as he chaunts the song, from every string
 “ Awake with volant hand the living fire
 “ That thrills each bosom with a rapturous sting ;
 “ Now, ceasing, to his neighbour of the ring
 “ Resign the mastery o’er extatic sound :
 “ And lo ! the moments fly on rapid wing,
 “ While, as spontaneous numbers circle round,
 “ Their hearts, or young or old, with emulation
 bound.

- “ Yet, as each differing passion sways the soul,
“ Its music swells, or melts upon the ear :
“ Indignant, as the strains of vengeance roll,
“ The *Cephalenian* chills the chiefs with fear—
“ Sullen and deep—They shudder, as they hear !
“ And hark ! the *Naxian*, in a burst of sighs,
“ Steals o’er the strings his measures soft and clear ;
“ Now bids the tone of quick resentment rise,
“ Now, languishing again, in love and pity dies !
- “ We shift the scene. Behold a radiance streams,
“ As the roof opens, o’er yon tap’stried room :
“ Lo a fair groupe conspicuous in the beams !
“ Their silver distaffs glitter thro’ the dome.
“ Unveil’d the shadowy locks; the virgin bloom,
“ Uncheokt the pantings of the living snow,
“ They laugh, they languish o’er the fervid loom.
“ What tho’ their moments in seclusion flow ?
“ Pure from profaner eyes, the brightest florets blow.

“ Yet see that form distinguisht from the rest—

“ Fair EUCHARIS, ARAXES’ destin’d bride :

“ By images of some sweet union blest,

“ She lifts her fine blue eyes with conscious pride :

“ And, smiling on her maiden train beside,

“ A gold wrought robe, a broider’d veil displays ;

“ And, from smooth tongues as soft applauses slide,

“ With livelier joy each finisht work surveys,

“ Tho’ from another tongue she sighs for softer praise.”

* * * * *

In a swift cloud enfolded (as he spoke)

The slope, the waving hillpines swam from sight ;

When the same village thro’ the darkness broke,

And, its long street from numerous torches bright,

A grand procession mark’d some nuptial rite ;

And, as gay nymphs their amorous mazes wove,

The matrons view’d the bride with fond delight—

“ Ripe for the blisses of the Paphian grove—

“ Full soon (they said and sigh’d) to pour her soul
in love !”

'Twas EUCARIS. Tho' fair her maidens shone,
And to soft measures mystic dances led,
Yet, kindling at each step, their beauties won
Vain incense. EUCARIS around her shed
Peculiar glory. To the bridal bed
Mov'd her fine figure, scarce of mortal mould :
Shadowing the virgin's timid blushes, spread
The broider'd veil in many a rosy fold,
And a rich ceinture brac'd the robe in-wrought with
gold.

And burn'd ARAXES with a bridegroom's haste
To loosen that rich ceinture? Sudden flash'd
High brandisht blades around her ; and her waist
Gaunt ruffians grasp'd : Conflicting sabres clash'd ;
And lo ! in dust the feeble grandsire dasht,
And hurried by his hoary beard along :
In vain his teeth the indignant hero gnash'd :
The Gauls, alas ! sworn foes to nuptial song,
Bore off the swooning bride, and all the choral
throng.

* * * * *

CANTO THE THIRD.

- “ Then (heaving a deep sigh, the bard exclaim’d)
 “ Then, what avails the high transmitted soul ?
 “ What, that along the track where glory flam’d
 “ It bids its vengeance on barbarians roll,
 “ Red as the thunder that o’erwhelms the pole ?
 “ Ah ! what avails the ambition of the brave ;
 “ When, as insulting despots deal the dole
 “ Of destiny, the hero sinks, a slave,
 “ And, for a car, surveys no visionary grave ?
- “ Ah ! what avails it, that a lonely few
 “ Scatter’d and lorn, in each inglorious grove,
 “ The fleeting shadows of their sires pursue ?
 “ What, that amid sepulchral wastes they rove,
 “ Couch the mock lance, and burn with patriot love,
 “ Yet dare not cherish the domestic flame ?
 “ Ah ! what avails it, when they sadly prove
 “ How vain, amid their rifled homes, the name
 “ Of husband, or of sire, to heed their country’s fame !”

Scarce had he spoke, when whirl'd thro' billowy
clouds,

He rose, nor ceas'd the involuntary flight,
Till from the topmost peak that *Athos* shrouds
Now in drear snows, now veils with amber-light,
He view'd all Greece outstretcht before his sight,
And the blue sea with clustering isles embost,
While, here, bold crags appear'd, and caverns white,
And spiry groves, and mountains hoar with frost,
There, gleam'd receding cliffs in purple azure lost.

Slow, from each island, with gigantic march,
Pass'd the dun vapors : and the elysian sky
Stream'd o'er the prospect from a wider arch,
Till, laughing all the distant isles drew nigh ;
When, now, the bard beheld with wondering eye
Where *Athos* bids his evening-shadow rest ;
And e'en the Ionian billows sparkling high
Where *Ithaca* projects its rocky crest,
Or airs ambrosial melt o'er *Zante's* luxurious breast.

Such was the scene.—when bending o'er the expanse
 Of waves, the woods of Chios lash'd the tide;
 As, from her eastern shore, the hosts of *France*
 Wound in deep phalanx up a mountain side;
 And with his little band by love allied
 The summit of the rock *ARAXES* trod;
 While, shrieking from amidst the foe, his bride
 With pale uplifted eyes implor'd her god,
 And the fell troop with lust and execration glow'd.

“ There (as his helmet-plumes *ARAXES* shook)
 “ There, from those isles (the hero seem'd to say)
 “ Rais'd by my voice, as winter swells the brook,
 “ There gathering armies bend their vengeful way.”
 Choakt in mid-utterance was the rude essay
 To speak, as, glancing on his frantic fair,
 In her sunk eyes he saw the faded ray,
 Her torn veil fluttering—her dishevel'd hair,
 And trembling hands that beat her bosom in despair.

Proud *Mclos* triumph'd in the hostile clang,
Where *ALCON* had pour'd forth the impassion'd
 strain ;
While to her haughty lords her hollows rang
 Resounding with abortive echoes, vain
 As when the sword of *NICIAS* smote the plain.
Lo, where her mastics bloom, her caverns steam,
 The champion to his friend devotes the slain ;
And, as strewn corpses gorge the smoaking stream,
His buckler lightens round, to mock the noon-day
 beam.

Nor he, who sung sore-ravisht from his arms—
 Who sung to pity's lute the *Naxian* maid,
Breath'd his fond passion o'er her pictur'd charms,
 Or told his sorrows to the citron shade.
Already, had he summon'd to his aid
His comrade Greeks, and, fiercest of the van,
 Plung'd in the crouching Gaul his angry blade,
And seiz'd the fortress where the fight began,
As crowds with headlong haste from off the ramparts ran.

Amid the havoc of infuriate lust
 Where *Cephalenia* rued the Gallic horde ;
 Already to the vows of vengeance just,
 Rag'd o'er the sea-beat rocks her Græcian lord :
 Already, his wild arm with carnage gor'd,
 Each mimic ensign by the roots had wrench'd :
 Already, as he wav'd his savior-sword,
 His squadrons had along the coast entrench'd,
 And with the lives of Gauls the thirsting vallies
 drench'd.

And now, as wheels the falcon round its nest
 The snake uncoil'd o'er crags ascending slow,
 ARAXES, ranging still the mountain-crest,
 Look'd down upon the volumes of the foe,
 And caught the threatening summons from below
 That bade him strait reclaim the rebel race,
 Or shudder at a spectacle of woe,
 His grandsire, brethren slain before his face—
 His beauteous bride consign'd to many a rude
 embrace.

Lo, the steel dropping on his grandsire's head
The minute-drops of murder, midst a host
Whose rage is with the pangs of misery fed !
And on their bristling halberts well-nigh tost
His little trembling brethren ! and the boast
Of *Cbios'* vallies, like the lily crusht—
Condemn'd to mourn her virgin honors lost !
When the fierce Greeks, by all the furies flusht,
Down from the mountair-top, to meet a myriad,
rush'd.

Dire was the fray ; while throngs, to clasp the wave,
ARAXES hurried from the impending steep :
But what avail'd a daring few, to brave
Troops that o'erspread the rock, and fill'd the sweep
Of the wide valley, wedg'd in phalanx deep ?
Still, the ranks opening where he ran, with fear
Shrunk back, and fell in many a mingled heap !
Yet hark ! confusion in the Gallic rear—
Yet hark ! the British trump assails each startled ear !

" See, (said the Genius) see, triumphant ride
 " Yon lordly ships along the Ionian shores—
 " See, the same pendants shade the Egean tide !
 " And o'er the gladden'd isles as freedom pours
 " Her sons, thro' Greece the British thunder roars !
 " From Cephalenia flies the robber-train :
 " And, as the soul of Grecian battle soars,
 " Lo ! Naxos tramples on her despots slain,
 " And sun-clad Chios greets the mistress of the main.

" Yes ! thro' a sanguine cloud where demons broke,
 " Bath'd in pure heaven the cross o'er Chios flows !
 " And yonder groupe, beside the reeking rock,
 " ARAXES' rescued family, repose
 " Intremulous hope. The Britons round them close,
 " And kindly listen to the fair-one's tale,
 " As o'er her form disorder'd beauty glows !
 " And hark, as awful echoes rend the dale,
 " Prince of the Grecian isles, their shouts ARAXES
 hail !"

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